

The Spirit of Decoration Day



THE WELDED BULLET

A Story for Decoration Day

By MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

THE beautiful Southern cemetery was gay with flowers and flags that bright Memorial day. Not even a lowering cloud had crossed the perfect sky, and the sun shone cheerily, and the soft breeze fanned the cheeks of two ladies sitting together on one of the many rustic seats. The procession had gone and flowers were everywhere, and especially on the graves which were marked by the little flags.

There were many of them, for the small town had been near the storm center of those storm-tossed days, and many a brave Johnnie and more than one Union soldier had taken their long sleep within its borders. A tall monument near the rustic seat marked the spot where two graves were equally and lavishly covered with flowers, yet underneath the sod were two uniforms,



"IT IS A SAD STORY."

one of the gray and the other the blue, and tears had fallen equally over each.

"It is a sad story," remarked Mrs. Kenneth, whose sweet face showed lines drawn by great suffering and care. "I cannot expect you to realize all it meant to us; seeing our cities besieged, our homes threatened and despoiled. It was no wonder, I think, that the southern women were unreasonable—that hatred and passion were nursed into the very veins of their infant babes. I was only a little girl then, but the memory will never die out, though calmness and better judgment have taken out the bitterness and passion."

"War at its best is horror. We too suffered," Mrs. Warner said, gently. "Grandmother had two sons," resumed Mrs. Kenneth, "and tall, beautiful lads they were. I can feel yet the thrill of my childish worship of my uncles, William and Harry. William was the oldest, and two years before the war broke out he had a very advantageous offer to go into business in New York. We had never held slaves, not so much from principle as a distaste for the system, so when the war broke out the race question had comparatively little to do in molding our feelings. It was a fight against invasion, and Harry threw himself into it with all the ardor of a young and fiery nature. Grandmother wrote at once to William, begging him to come home, but, to her horror and grief, he wrote her saying that he had already enlisted and was the captain of a northern company."

"The news cut her deeply, and from that day she seemed to have a premonition that some day the brothers would meet in battle. The thought was horror, and I can remember yet the story look of despair which would come over her poor face when an engagement was in progress into which Harry was likely to be called."

"It came at last. After the battle of Gettysburg they were sent home—both fatally shot, and the bodies had been found together, the report said."

"And your grandmother?" asked Mrs. Warner, in a tone of horror.

"Went quite mad at the sight. She had dreamed of it—had tried to fortify herself, and become used to the awful thought of the possibility, but the reality drove reason completely from its throne."

"Without any real evidence that

that dreadful day when they were brought home, and the nightmare of dread and terror which had hovered over her so long seemed to be dispelled almost entirely."

"What a mercy," Mrs. Warner exclaimed, fervently. "But what of the bullet charm? Your friend said it was connected with the story."

"Yes, quite remarkably so. Here it is on my watch guard at this moment, a souvenir so precious that nothing could replace it."

"Mr. Rolf told us that he had picked it up but a little way from where my uncles were lying, and grandmother seized upon the fact as a proof that if her boys, in the excitement of the battle, had really shot at each other, God's own hand had caught the missiles and welded them together, as the hearts of her sons were united in their life and in death. Mr. Rolf never took back the charm but gave it to grandmother, and she cherished it as her most valued possession as long as she lived."

"I do not wonder that you cherish it," Mrs. Warner turned over the curious relic reverently. The gold was worn and the ring almost black with age, but the leaden bullets, flattened by the force with which they had come together, were perfect as ever and worn very smooth with constant wear. "You said your grandmother never fully recovered."

"No, not fully, but her later years were comforted. If she grew weary and excited, the touch of the welded



"SHE GAVE ME THE CHARM."

bullets in her hand would quiet her, and she would sit for hours with it, whispering softly: 'God is good. He is very good,' in a gentle, uncomplaining tone which would bring tears to her eyes. I cared for her in her last illness and she gave me the charm as the choicest legacy she had to bestow. I think she was quite sane for the few minutes before her death. The vacant, troubled look was all gone from her eyes, and they were perfectly radiant with joy at the last as she reached upward with her thin, wasted hands, crying: 'My boys, my boys,' in thrilling tones of joy."

The sun was dropping westward as the ladies rose to go. Mrs. Kenneth had replaced the charm upon her chain and Mrs. Warner wiped away the tears of sympathy which had gathered in her eyes, and as they left the grounds she looked back. The monument stood bathed in the glowing sunshine, a shining finger pointing upward out of the grave of the dark and terrible past.

A REUNITED PEOPLE.

Decoration Day a Day of Remembrance for Soldiers of Both North and South.

Every year our reunited people see with greater clearness that not only are the north and the south physically inseparable, as Mr. Lincoln reminded the south when he took the presidential chair, but that as a nation we are one in sentiment, one in destiny, and as a growing world-power and champion of freedom and righteousness. Every year adds to the number of the little flags fluttering over the resting place of a departed soldier, they speak even more eloquently than the tongue of the living of victory and rest achieved. Every year some new monument rears its marble shaft toward heaven, marking the mausoleum of a famed commander. Every year the number of school children, looking upon these martial monuments, eagerly ask, like the Hebrews, of old: "What mean ye by these stones?" and then are told afresh of freedom's mighty conflict, and imbibe the lesson of patriotism. And every year, like the lessening number of the sabbinary leaves, the remaining members of the G. A. R. will be more highly prized and generously honored than ever before. And now that the star of each state shines with equal luster upon the flag so dearly loved by all alike, and the smoke of battle no longer blinds our eyes, we are glad to recognize as standing on the same level of devotion, loyalty to conviction and sublime courage, the men of the southland. No braver men ever lived than those who were led by that knightly soldier, Robert E. Lee. On "fame's eternal camping ground" sleep both the blue and the gray, overarched by the same national pride and honor.

Thank God, also, that every year we are getting farther and farther away from the war itself. The simple recital of the awful fact makes one grateful that it is all long ago over with. At a reunion of old soldiers, while the younger people were laughing and chatting in holiday attire, one of the veterans was seen sitting by himself lost in deep thought. Being asked why an attempt was not made to tell the people just how a battle-field looked after action, he was silent for a time, and then replied with brimming eyes and faltering voice: "It would not be wise; the people would not believe us, so great was the horror of war." The truth is, the history of war never has been nor ever will be fully written. Who can describe the underlying moods and emotions of those most concerned? Tenderest ties were rudely severed, the most sacred feelings pierced to the quick, one's confidence in human nature all but destroyed, and the very foundations of society shaken as by an earthquake.—Union Signal.



"WHO WAS IT?" SHE DEMANDED.

still looking at him in an agony of effort to comprehend all he was saying. "Tell it to her again," said mother in a low voice. "They were her sons; I knew they could never harm one another, my dear, dear brothers," and mother's voice broke in a low sob. "He told the story over in clear, gentle tones, dilating upon the tenderness of that last embrace. Grandmother's face grew white and at the last word she fainted, something which had never occurred during all the dreadful days of her insanity. She was like a little child when she came out of that long, deathlike swoon. Her mind seemed to have gone back to the days when her sons were boys at home together, and she talked of them more naturally, than she had since

GEN. GEORGE W. DAVIS.



First governor of the canal strip owned by the United States on the isthmus of Panama.

QUARREL OVER PICTURE.

Sweethearts Sometimes Raise Perplexing Problem for Photographers to Settle.

When sweethearts get photographed together, and the man pays the bill and keeps the coupon which entitles its bearer to receive the goods paid for, to whom do the pictures belong? If the couple afterward quarrel? This is a question which the head of many a popular photograph gallery is often called upon to decide, says the Chicago Tribune.

"We are always getting into trouble over this matter," one of the managers confessed. "The man and the girl come in and have their picture taken together. Possibly they want to be posed in a sentimental fashion, looking tenderly into each other's eyes, for instance. The man pays the bill and pockets the coupon. About the time the goods are ready for delivery the girl comes back alone, without any coupon, and asks for them. Sometimes she pretends that she has lost the slip of paper; sometimes she tells the truth. In the former case we can usually guess from her manner what the state of affairs really is. Then it is up to us to settle a difficult matter. We know that if we give her the photographs, the man will come in presently with the coupon and demand his property. And if he has been jilted, he will be hard to deal with, for he wants to get even with the girl some way, and he thinks the pictures may be a means to that end."

"Who do we give the photographs to? That depends upon circumstances. We always insist upon hearing the story. If things look as if the couple care for each other, we tell the girl that we cannot give her the pictures without the man's consent and advise her to come to some understanding with him about it; often in talking it over they become reconciled and come in together to get the pictures. If, however, the girl can give us a really good reason why she, instead of the man, should have the photos, we generally hand them over to her and fight it out with him when he comes in. But sometimes she gets here too late, and then, of course, there is nothing to be done. How do we manage the man who gets left? O, we put him out. If he makes trouble, we usually he doesn't come back. He doesn't care to, generally, when he thinks it all over."

Electricity and Magnetism.

Concerning the fundamental nature of electricity itself, there is still no certainty, but there are several hypotheses. There are several theories for explaining both electricity and magnetism in terms of the ether. None of these theories seems capable of being submitted to experimental demonstration. It is certain, however, that since the interconnection of electricity and magnetism is known, a demonstration of the nature of the one must, by corollary, include a disclosure of the nature of the other. Moreover, it would not seem likely that the complete unraveling of the nature of electricity would necessarily include a revelation of the nature of both matter and gravitation.—Electrical World.

Boys and Fires.

No sooner had spring begun to dry up the ground than fire departments all over the country found themselves busy with grass and brush fires set by innocent but careless boys. Fire is a dangerous plaything. The boy whose parents allow him to light a "smudge" should observe one rule, the principle of which is at the bottom of all careful play and work—to watch a fire as long as it burns. It is natural for the ordinary boy to start a fire and then join some other boys in a game of ball on a vacant lot two blocks away. It is also natural for the fire to keep on burning.—Youth's Companion.

Somewhat Sarcastic.

"I didn't know you were in the misfit clothing business," remarked the patron.

"I'm not," returned the tailor. "Well, you'll have a hard time convincing anyone who sees what a misfit that last suit you made for me is."—Chicago Post.

All the Accomplishments.

It is now suggested that soldiers be required to learn to swim. Following so closely on the suggestion that they be expected to sing, it looks as if a great many accomplishments were demanded for the pay of a private.—Washington Star.

One Squash Seed.

The harvest from one single squash seed which William I. Bodwell, of Augusta, Me., planted last spring aggregated 97 pounds' weight. There were seven in number, ranging in weight from eight to 17 pounds.—Boston Budget.

CHANGING THE BOUNDARIES

Great Britain Has Men Constantly in the Field in African Territory.

Every new edition of African maps shows shifting of boundary lines between European possessions. Sometimes the boundary is shown on one side of a river or mountain range, and in the next edition on the other side. It is a question whether the boundary is a parallel or a meridian, it may be shown on the later map so far from its earlier position that the change is noticeable even on a map of small scale.

These changes, states the Chicago Daily News, do not mean that the boundaries, as described in treaties, have been altered, but merely that delimiting commissions in the course of more accurate surveys and explorations have discovered that our previous knowledge was so far erroneous that the stipulated boundaries could not accurately be laid down on the map.

The report of the mixed commission on the Anglo-German boundary in East Africa is a case in point. In 1890 the Germans and British agreed that the boundary between their possessions should cross Victoria Nyansa in one degree south latitude and go on to the Congo State, except that when it reached Mount Mfumbiro, which Speke had placed one degree south of the equator on his map, it should skirt the mountain so that it might wholly be included in the British domain.

The maps accordingly showed the mountain as a British summit till it was discovered that it really stands far to the west in the Congo State, and under existing treaties could not possibly belong to Great Britain. It was found later that Mfumbiro is about 60 miles south of the latitude Speke assigned to it, so that, even if his longitude had been correct, it would have been a German, instead of a British mountain; and now come the latest results of the mixed commission, bringing both glad and sad news to Great Britain.

The Kagera river, the largest affluent of Victoria Nyansa, and the ultimate source of its waters, has been assigned on all maps since the treaty of 1890 to German East Africa; but the mixed commission has decided that the lower fourth of this river, from the point where it turns sharply east to the lake, is north of the boundary line; so the only part of the river offering excellent facilities for navigation is now proved to belong to Great Britain.

But what the British have gained in the south they have lost in the west, for the boundary surveyors have found that a long strip that the maps have included in Uganda is really in the Congo State. For years we have seen the eastern waters of Albert Edward Nyansa lapping alleged British territory, but now we are told that every drop in the lake belongs to the Congo domain; and we expect further revelations of this sort until crude surveys are replaced by the scientific delimitation of all African boundaries.

Coaxing the Birds.

During the past year a novel and interesting experiment has been tried with considerable success in the parks which are under the control of the London county council. In order to induce small meat-eating birds such as wrens, titmice and robins to frequent the parks there have been hung in the trees muslin bags filled with suet, and these have been the means of attracting birds which previously were seldom, if ever, seen in the metropolis.—Tit-Bits.

Not a Case of Sympathy.

First Wall Street Operator—What is it, did I fleece that young millionaire out of over \$400,000. You needn't feel sorry for him. He has plenty more where that came from.

Second Wall Street Operator—O, I'm not shedding any tears over him. What grinds me is to think the gamblers got it.—Chicago Tribune.

Uncle Allen.

"In the case of the donkey, anyhow," averred Uncle Allen Sparks, "the voice certainly affords a pretty fair index as to the character of the animal."—Chicago Tribune.

Contradictory.

Dank—Oakland is a contradictory kind of a cuss, isn't he? Blash—Yes, the other night he dreamed that he couldn't go to sleep.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Poultry Consumed.

Before the last census poultry was kept on 88.8 per cent. of the farms in this country, and the total value was \$136,891,877.—Country Life in America.

Better Than Much Talk.

A little silence may save a lot of sorrow.—Chicago Tribune.

DEPRESSION IN BUSINESS.

Prosperity Boasted Of in Republican Platforms Is Disproved by Published Facts.

People with small incomes, farmers, clerks and working men, should husband their resources and savings, for a period of business depression would seem to be impending. The Associated Press sent out a warning on May 10, which was published in the evening newspapers of that date and the morning newspapers of the next day at the head of the financial news. The report after stating the unprecedented collapse of the stock market says:

"The conviction is growing, however, that the cause of the stagnation in the stock market is deeper lying than any temporary factor, and has to do with the gradual emerging of the conditions of general contraction in business and industry in all directions."

Hard times always follow a boom, and business depression means that the man must seek the job and not the job the man. The reduction in wages that commenced last fall will surely be more accentuated as the demand for labor becomes less and the railroads and other great corporations reduce their working force. Indeed, this reduction has already commenced, for the New York Central railroad has ordered all its departments to cut down expenses and the men employed to be reduced to the least number necessary to carry on the business of the road. Other railroads will likewise retrench, and this will cause stagnation in the labor market, for when "the man is seeking the job" he is compelled to accept what the employer offers, when he knows that thousands are after it.

This breakdown of prosperity which the protectionists boast is produced by the protective tariff, is the outcome that has been foretold by the democrats. The goose is slowly dying that laid the golden eggs, and the few have the gold and the many will now have to suffer. But the deception that the republican leaders have practiced on their followers is still being continued, for on the same day that the Associated Press sent out its pessimistic report on the business outlook, the republican state convention of New Jersey in the platform adopted, declared: "That the protective tariff has brought the greatest prosperity to capital and labor." Republican platforms are notoriously unreliable, and the idle men in the protected industries, in the silk mills, the woolen mills, and other factories running on short time in New Jersey, the 60,000 idle men in the textile field in Philadelphia alone, are facts that disprove the reliability of the New Jersey platform, besides the "general contraction in business" that the Associated Press announces.

Prosperity has vanished from so many industries, and so many homes are restricting their expenses, that there must be something wrong with the system that the republicans are boasting of. The New Jersey platform, however, told the truth about the prosperity the tariff has brought to capital, if it had been frank enough to acknowledge that "capital" meant the trusts. As long as the trusts and combines can keep up the price of what they produce, they will still have a measure of prosperity, but with falling wages and men out of work, even the trusts will suffer, for the capacity of the people to consume is measured by the amount of money they earn. In curtailing expenses, luxuries and when clothes are the first items cut off and the present depressed condition of the textile market tells the tale. In the Journal of Commerce, May 11, the headlines of the article on the dry goods trade says:

"Buyers Still Cautious. 'Not Disposed to Commit Themselves to Liberal Purchases.' 'A Waiting Period on All Lines—General Belief That Were Prices to Be Announced on Lower Basis Buying Would Be Sufficient to Cause Speedy Reaction—Many Lines Selling at or Below Cost To-Day.' The same newspaper on the same day published a dispatch from Fall River, Mass., which says: "The plan of running the mills four days a week which has been tried for the past five weeks has proved disappointing. Some of the agents at least strongly favored a reduction in wages, even though it was pretty well understood that a general strike would follow such a move. Other manufacturers favor a shutdown without a reduction. There is general apprehension over the situation."

A number of other dispatches in the same issue of the Journal of Commerce indicate similar conditions at other places. Resolutions by republican conventions, that prosperity reigns supreme, and the protective tariff is the cause of it mere bluff, when the facts show that business is depressed and growing more so.

FRESH POLITICAL NOTES.

—Senator Fairbanks, who has \$3,000,000, wants to know, before this vice presidential business proceeds, whether they admire his purse, or his person.—Albany (N. Y.) News.

—The best that can be said of Candidate Parker is that it has been said that a reputable authority has said to have said that he has said what he has said.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

—Representative Hitt is the latest republican to break out with vice-presidentialitis, a contagious malady which seems to be spreading through the republican ranks.—St. Louis Republic.

—When the irrigation bill was pending in congress it was promised that the desert could be made to blossom as the rose for about five dollars an acre. Later the country was informed that this was the cost to private water companies, which had taken all the easy jobs and that government irrigation would cost ten dollars an acre. The statement just made by the interior department is that \$27,000,000 will suffice to irrigate 1,000,000 acres.—Philadelphia Record.

Novel Claim for Support.

In the list of the reasons which the republicans are to give for urging the election of Mr. Roosevelt this year the Springfield Union includes this one: "The ugly ulcer of corruption has been boldly cut out of the post office department." And whose corruption was it that was so boldly cut out? Did it not begin and flourish when Charles Emory Smith and Perry S. Heath were paying off the political obligations which Mark Hanna contracted in electing a republican president? This is the first time, we believe, that a political party has appealed for support on the ground that it has punished a few of its own thieves.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

THE INTELLIGENT FARMER.

Mr. Babcock and Other Republican Congressmen Bothered with Award Interrogatories.

Giving the farmers tariff before election and promising them legislation that never was intended to materialize, is a favorite game of the republican leaders. It is therefore not an unexpected pleasure to read the first installment of guff and bluff given out by Hon. Joseph Weeks Babcock, chairman of the republican congressional committee, in which he brings in the "intelligent farmer" as the standby of the G. O. P. Mr. Babcock says he has implicit faith that the "intelligent farmer" will vote the republican ticket, for they have telephones in their houses and read the daily newspapers. That Mr. Babcock really believes the "intelligent farmer" will support the party in league with the trusts and corporations is doubtful, for he is evidently much exercised, though he says he is not worrying over the outlook for a republican majority in the next congress. Yet Mr. Babcock evidently is alarmed about what the "intelligent farmer" will do, for he also says: "It keeps a member of congress busy all the time to answer the questions they ask him about public affairs."

May be, when he gave out that interview Mr. Babcock was thinking of the uncomfortable questions that many of his own constituents have been asking him, about the charges of his too close connection with the railroad corporations, the padding the mails in the interest of those institutions and his failure to push his bill to reform the tariff schedule that shelters the steel trust, though he declared the tariff must be reformed. Or possibly he was thinking of the charges made by Secretary Bristow that over 100 republican congressmen, including himself, had been mixed up with the post office grafters, if not in league with them.

The "intelligent farmer" who reads the daily newspapers could hardly have missed knowing about those charges and a number of other scandals that Mr. Babcock and his party are responsible for, and it is hardly any wonder that it has kept those members of congress busy, as it has Mr. Babcock—for he tells us so—explaining and twisting and turning, to answer the questions, not only the "intelligent farmer" but of others of his, and their constituents.

No more favorable news for the democrats has been published than this acknowledged interest the farmers are taking in public affairs. No doubt they are inquiring about republican extravagance, about the enormous increase in price of what they buy and the cause for it. They doubtless want to know why the packers combine is paying less for cattle and hogs and yet the price of meat to the consumer is relatively higher than it was. There is no end to the questions that intelligent farmers will ask candidates for congress that will puzzle the republicans to evade, let alone to answer. That is just what the democrats want, full and free discussion and intelligent inquiry by all voters.

THE RETIREMENT OF WARE.

Will Leave the Pension Office to Alfred M. Roosevelt a Chance to Square Himself.

No explanation is made at Washington of the report that Commissioner Ware, of the pension office, is soon to retire from office, but anyone who has given attention to public affairs will understand that the move is connected in some way with his offhand way of granting service pensions to civil war veterans.

This service pension order has met with more general and more scathing condemnation than any other act of Mr. Roosevelt's administration. Nearly every newspaper in the United States has denounced it not only as a dangerous usurpation of power, but as a piece of electioneering demagoguery, and the climax came with Bourke Cockran's great speech, so eloquent, so logical, so sincere and so alarming that it practically silenced all opposition.

The probability is that from the time that speech was delivered the administration determined to withdraw its service pension order. The first intimation given of this was the admission of the government supporters, in a debate in the house of representatives, that both of the service pensions which had been ordered in this way and which had been ostentatiously paraded as the justification of Commissioner Ware's order, never really became effective, but were canceled and withdrawn soon after they were made.

The rumored retirement of Commissioner Ware is the next intimation of the proposed backdown, and it is not difficult to continue the story into the future. The new commissioner will happen to be a man who cannot approve of the service pension order, and at whose request it will in due time be canceled and withdrawn. Mr. Ware will drop into obscurity for a time and then reappear in some still more responsible and lucrative position.

The Chicago Chronicle says that in this episode we see how people in power can take the back track and unload their responsibility on others so smoothly as not even to attract attention, though a larger turn-basin may be required for such a monumental blunder as this service pension order than in the case of smaller mistakes.

Evils That Demand Remedy.

The weakness of the republic at present is its practice of subsidizing one class at the expense of another; its enactment of unwise legislation as the price of imperative legislation; its dishonest compromises with the agents of one class or one section to the cost of the masses, or of the country as a whole; the purchase of political preferment by official favors; the employment of arbitrary machine methods to establish, maintain and perpetuate political oligarchies in the state and nation, often to the defeat of popular will. These are some of the conspicuous evils. They are not new, but the country has been aroused as never before to their existence, and public sentiment is more potent than in times past to effect their eradication.—Kansas City Star.

Use of the Walnut in France.

Walnut is only employed in France in cabinet and carpenter's work. In 1902 the imports of walnut were 2,432 tons and exports 5,623 tons. During the last four years the imports have steadily declined, while exports have increased from 3,660 tons in 1899 to 5,623 tons in 1902.—Trade Journal.